

OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 9, 1827.

[NO. 149.

MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM,
BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[Concluded.]

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun; sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside me; but though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, rising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker, till it filled the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green field, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld the shapes of men, and heard voices more shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone's cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot drawn by six black steeds issue from the cloud. And I saw a shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of woes to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A wo and a wo for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I rose and beheld in the chariot the coffin of seven children; and their names, and their years were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the Shadow say, 'Woman what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy wo and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more? I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; Vision,' I said 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steed and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld them no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight, and I awoke weeping, and found my locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowantree-born came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it? And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say; I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listened to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to tear the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and

say, 'Spirit by all the salvation contained between the boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.' [We are obliged to omit a scene here in which other neighbor advisers take a part; and pass on to the mother's fearful trial of the superstitious experiment which had been recommended to her. She visits the Ladye's Lowe, and watches at midnight on the third night of her dream.]

"I looked and I thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling undulation of the water which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brooks, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the face of many whom I knew, and heard the curling stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamor of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me a child no more, but a stripling tall and fair and graceful, his hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school, companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly pale ness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds; and, stiff with cold, and with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on—my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child; and I said in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, colored into sadness by my fears; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well I might. I went with my son to the kirk; I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others; wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling Bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish;

and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December; the winter had been open and green; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned: ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the

Ladye's Lowe, which few people were willing to break; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen, where many might meet, but few would part. All this was witnessed by a vain and froward youth who despised ancient belief as idle superstitions—traditional legends as the labor of credulous men; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the Bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish; and not a few among the sedate sort consented to dismiss proverbial shame, no sister to feel for then a sister's fears, and play the game on these ominous

waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following; to sport on so perilous a place: but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsels, crowded the banks of the lake to behold the contest; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling stones as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands."

The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had laid silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet came and stood beside us. He shod back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking steadfastly in her face, for a moment, said,

"Rachel, dost thou know me?" She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. "Know me! aye, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me, and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name." Young man," she said, "I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless; nor shall I scorn the image above; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to sooth thy smitten conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance." Repentance?" he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start, "of what have I to repent? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom?" Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who wilfully brings misfortunes on others; and such mishap was mine. Nleepare, and ye shall judge."

"And he sat down by the side of the lake; and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water; then turning round to us he said: "Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said: "Oh Benjie, save me—save me; but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep fathomless water; and far below I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed to perish yearly in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looked in my face, said, "Oh Benjie, save me, save me!" And I thought how I wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle; but the fears for my own life were too strong; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning."

"Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, had stretched forth her hands over him, and with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse and to confound him. "Oh! wretched and contemptible creature," she said, "were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust beneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handiworks; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent? De-

termine, if thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men score to count kindred with thee, who can wish no brother to feel a brother's shame, no sister to feel for then a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the

reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I be hold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou! From this fearful malice, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobs and moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

"Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling, save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning. One winter evening a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound; about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe."

POLITICAL.

[FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER]
SIGNS OF THE TIMES—REVIEWED.

Recurring to the proposition with which we set out, that the existence of parties is not in itself an evil, we are of the belief that there is a description of party to which a man may attach himself, to which we never will belong. We mean a party merely personal, whether in reference to its aversion to a man, or set of men, or to the aggrandizement of those who form and lead the party.

That there were individuals who entertained sufficient hostility to the Administration, and particularly to Mr. Adams and Mr. CLAY, to be willing to sacrifice their personal deportment, any the least symptom of such hostility—it was therefore undoubtedly not without astonishment that we beheld, on the first of March, the array of three and twenty Senators against us, on the grounds avowed by Mr. VAN BUREN, and with the feelings indicated by other gentlemen on that day. That astonishment was not lessened by the information which we received on the day following, that the vote against us was the result of a party determination. The state of the vote against the amendment of the House of Representatives to the Colonial bill in the Senate, the next day but one afterwards, and its exact correspondence with the vote for the editor of the Opposition paper here, left us no longer a loop to hang a doubt upon, as to the existence of an organized opposition, in the existence of which altho'

though we did not see how we could reconcile it to consistency or propriety, to oppose a system of policy which we had always decided approved—and, further, that in his appointments to office, the President appeared to us to have been even more fortunate than his predecessors, and especially to have surrounded himself with a Cabinet in whose ability and zeal for the public good we had the greatest confidence. If any reply was made to this, it was, probably, that the election of the President, and the appointment of Secretary of State, were the result of a bargain or previous understanding, and therefore must be put down. To which we generally rejoined, that he who used this argument was doubtless sincere in his belief of its truth, but that belief is a matter not communicable from one to another, and we must therefore be excused for dissenting from his premises as well as his conclusions; that the opinion expressed by us, a day or two after the election of President was consummated, in the entire purity of that election, had been confirmed, rather than weakened, by all our subsequent observation. Discovered to be thus untractable, we were left to go our way, or perhaps were told, that it was perfectly immaterial how well the Government was administered, or how pure the Administration was—it should be put down if they who professed this opinion could effect the object. We have already stated the terms in which this sentiment was understood to have been expressed by one of the Senators of the United States: we did so, not out of the slightest disrespect to him, whom we did not name, and for whose personal character and private virtues early association and long observation had inspired us with the highest regard; but merely to place in the strongest light, of which it was susceptible, a sentiment which we had often heard freely expressed by individuals. This sentiment was, about that time, proclaimed as a principle of action, by a print established here, under the patronage of Members of Congress, being the same to which the person lately voted for by the Opposition, in the Senate, was subsequently attached as Editor. We perfectly recollect marking the sentiment when we met with it, as one would a counterfeit coin, that no one might be taken in by it.

Though we were aware of the opinions thus entertained by individuals, we supposed they were rare, and never would be made the basis of a party organization; and, agreeing entirely in opinion with the Sage of Monticello, that error of opinion may be safely tolerated where reason is left free to combat it, we contented ourselves with pursuing our own way, leaving others to pursue theirs undisturbed. This was a course prescribed by courtesy to the opinions of others, and that spirit of toleration which has always ruled this press, and ever shall do so.

The proceedings towards the close of the late Session of Congress, however, and especially the vote for a Printer to the Senate, developed a new state of things, which required a departure from the reserve it would have been more agreeable to us to have continued to maintain, and obliging us to speak out plainly to our readers.

Respecting this matter of the Printing for the Senate, it is but justice to ourselves to say that it is a subject on which we have never introduced conversation to any Senator—much less have we ever condescended to solicit a vote for it, either in that body, or the other House. We have contented ourselves with discharging, to the best of our ability, the duty which the appointment of printers to both Houses devolved upon us, and that we supposed to be all the duty which was required of us. We knew that no member of the Senate (one perhaps excepted) had any ground of personal hostility to us, or betrayed in his personal deportment, any the least symptom of such hostility—it was therefore undoubtedly not without astonishment that we beheld, on the first of March, the array of three and twenty

Senators against us, on the grounds avowed by Mr. VAN BUREN, and with the feelings indicated by other gentlemen on that day. That astonishment was not lessened by the information which we received on the day following, that the vote against us was the result of a party determination. The state of the vote against the amendment of the House of Representatives to the Colonial bill in the Senate, the next day but one afterwards, and its exact correspondence with the vote for the editor of the Opposition paper here, left us no longer a loop to hang a doubt upon, as to the existence of an organized opposition, in the existence of which altho'

We had begun to suspect it, we were ex-motely unwilling to believe.

Next came the rumor that, during the late session, a regular Caucus, or Club, had been held here, composed of members of Congress, by whom questions were decided before they came upon the floor of Congress, and that the corresponding votes of the Senate were to be traced to the decisions of this irresponsible tribunal. Then we received from New York the information, contemporaneously divulged there, that "a concentration of sentiment" had taken place among the members of Congress at Washington, and that it was understood that old usages were to be restored by a Caucus nomination, to be made next Winter, of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. It was not possible to shut our ears or our eyes to these sounds and signs, or to resist the conviction that a party was organized, in Congress, upon principles different from those of any party that has ever before existed in our Government, and whose main object was, to put down this Administration without reference to its measures—that is, to put it down, right or wrong.

We were slow to believe that a Caucus had been held here, at which the fate of public measures and of public men was decided, and before which we were arraigned and sentenced to proscription because we appeared to be indisposed to become instruments in the hands of those who composed it. The outgivings of the National Advocate, however, satisfied us at once that there was some foundation for the rumor; and that Mr. VAN BUREN was to derive credit at home, to be converted into power there, and reflected in his favor here, by being made out to be "the Master Spirit" by whose agency this machinery had been established, to substitute the regular operation of the Government, and to control the popular elections by means of organized clubs in the States, and organized presses everywhere. The reader cannot have forgotten that the re-election of this gentleman was the signal for triumph here, at Richmond, and elsewhere, because it indicated his strength at home; and that the importance of that strength lay in the fact, boasted in the Advocate, that the control of the State of New York over the Presidential Election was absolute and certain. Nor did we any injury to Mr. VAN BUREN in thus interpreting the oracles of the Advocate; the reputation of this sort of influence and intrigue is valuable where these caucus "usages" determine every thing. Indeed, the New York Enquirer, received only yesterday, informs us that "Mr. VAN BUREN likes these attacks; they place him in a more conspicuous position than he occupies, and he himself cannot but smile complacently when he is told that the vote of New York is in his hands." This is completely in the Caucus-party spirit, which regards political power as every thing—the public interest as nothing.

At length these rumors of Caucus Proceedings, here, under the veil of profound secrecy and under the mantle of night, are confirmed to us from authority in which we have implicit confidence. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that such a Caucus was held; that it was composed of materials the most incongruous and heretofore discordant—of Federalists, of Quids, of Democrats of divers sorts—that it was therefore convened, not upon the ground of a common sentiment on great fundamental principles, such as heretofore has been held to justify caucuses, but upon the ground of a common object, stronger even than the repugnance of those who composed it to one another, (and heaven knows how strong must have been the attractive influence to counteract the natural repulsion between some of them.) We have the names of most of those gentlemen, but we shall drag no names unnecessarily before the public. We should not have used even Mr. VAN BUREN's in this discussion, had he not himself placed himself conspicuously in the van, and had it not been that he evidently deserved the honor, which the Advocate claimed for him, of being "the Master Spirit" by whose agency this caucus machinery was put in operation.

The operations in regard to the public press began here, by the proscription of the National Intelligencer, by a political inquisition. They are carried on elsewhere by different means. In some cases by direct menace, as in the case of the Harrisburg Intelligencer; in others, by an operation of a different sort, which sometimes succeeds, and sometimes does not. In other instances, we find presses rising like exhalations, blazing for awhile, and which, expiring for lack of aliments, will soon leave nothing but an offensive odor by which to remember their existence.

Our object, however, is not at this time to fatigate our readers by asking them to go over again all the ground we have already trodden with them, but to place before them, in a few words, the conclusions to which we have been led by our investigations, which are as follows:

That there exists an organized Opposition to the administration, right or wrong, which is entirely observable in Congress, and selected extensively with the public press.

That public measures have consequently been decided, in Congress, upon the principle of party expediency, and with refer-

ence to the Presidential Election, rather than to the respective merits of those measures.

That an influence has been visible in the Senatorial Branch of Congress, different from the influence of purely Constitutional considerations.

That rumor imputes that influence to the decisions of a small Caucus or Junta, occasionally held in this City, whose proceedings have been wrapt in the profoundest privacy.

That contemporaneous publications in New York and communications to journalists in Richmond, make a boast of this organization.

That, though the main purpose of this Combination here is the regulation of the Presidential Election, it has other and subsidiary purposes.

That one of these purposes is the subjugation of the press by means unknown to the law and inconsistent with principle.

That the effect of the success of these operations would be to place the Government of the United States, in the hands of an organized and disciplined party, instead of the hands of the legitimate sovereign, the people.

That the Hon MARTIN VAN BUREN, a Senator from New York, represents this party, and is necessarily the life and soul, and bone and sinew of it.

That the success of this organization would be, therefore, necessarily, to place the whole of the routine of the high public offices, and all the important legislation of the country, under the absolute control of that distinguished citizen.

That such success would be an usurpation of the rights of the People, and a tyranny of odious complexion.

Whether our deductions are just or otherwise, is for readers to decide, and for the present we willingly leave the question with them. Whether the concerns of this great nation are to be placed under the control of a National Caucus, anticipating and superceding the ordinary forms of legislation, as well as the process of free popular election, is a grave question which we call upon the People of the United States to examine and decide. That the attempt has been made to introduce this system into the General Government, there can be no doubt. Emboldened by partial success, the Senate of the United States, subjected to the dominion of this system, has been exultingly proclaimed the controlling power of the Government, and even the examination of the Speech of a member of the boasted majority of that body has been pronounced a dangerous breach of privilege. We shall see, in the result whether these corruptions of our political system—these high-toned aristocratic principles—this combination of secret purposes with boasted power and asserted privilege, will be countenanced by the approbation of intelligent People, or will receive their indignant condemnation.

General Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

New-York, April 25.

From COLOMBIA.—By the brig Athenian, from Cartagena, we learn that the country was in an extremely unsettled state, in consequence of which the British residents had sent a requisition to the Admiral at Jamaica for a vessel of war to protect their property. The Colombian troops had been for a long time without pay and were expected to be soon without rations. A letter dated at Cartagena, on the 31st ult. says :

"Our market is in a perfect state of stagnation. Every one seems at a loss as to what may take place. Bolivar and Santander are now decidedly opponents. We will not take upon ourselves to recommend any thing, nor do we wish to see properly introduced here. We give no quotations, because it is impossible to say whether we may not all in month hence be obliged to leave the country.—N. E. Palladium.

Mexico.—We are favored with papers from Mexico City to the 1st of April, brought by the Eliza. It appears that a revolt broke out about the 10th of March at Durango, the capital of the State of the name, instigated, it was said, by a Priest, named Arenas, whose emissaries had seduced the troops to unite in a project for obtaining certain reforms. The insurgents had gone so far as to arrest the governor of the State, and to dissolve the local Legislature, but it does not appear that any blood had been shed. Placards had been posted, calling for the son of Iturbide to govern the country. The general government was adopting measures for the suppression of this insurrection, which did not appear to excite much alarm. The Generals of Division, Nerete and Echavarri, (Spaniards) suspected of being abettors of the revolutionary project had been arrested and committed to prison. The Mexican H. of R. had approved the treaty with England, and it was believed it would be confirmed by the Senate.—Ib.

From EUROPE.

By the Packet Ship Emerald, from Liverpool, Papers, to March 26, were received. Affairs in Portugal and Spain were still unsettled. Some accounts from the Greeks represent them as about to carry on the war with a better prospect of success. Others say the European mediation for peace is still urged. The law for "improving the press," has been modified and passed in France. The new Gram system in England progresses to completion. Extravagant proceedings still occur in Ireland. Stocks remained nearly stationary in Britain. Cotton, previously too low, had experienced a farther decline. Some measure, in favor of British Navigation, was to be brought before Parliament.

We understand Orleans Cotton fell three eights of a penny in price at Liverpool in a fortnight, in consequence of an excess of supply.—Pal.

On the 3d of May Gen. Gascoyne is to make a motion on the subject of the trade of Liverpool.

New petitions are presented to Parliament by the Catholics, and new remonstrances against them.

The inhabitants of Montserrat, in the W. Indies, have petitioned the Br. Parliament for a bounty on the export of the produce of that Island.

It has been recently said in the British Parliament, that by a law of Sweden, that nation reserved to itself the right of conveying salt, hemp and other articles in her own vessels; but that an exception is made in favor of the vessels of G. Britain, [and those of the U. States we presume.]

A number of experienced British Operatives, to be employed in one of the Lowell Manufactories, came passengers in the ship Emerald, from Liverpool.

The trade of Liverpool, Eng. is said to increase. The duties which accrued there in Feb. 1827, exceeded by 14 per cent those of Feb. 1826.

The Bank of England has declared its usual half-yearly dividend of 4 per cent.

DOMESTIC.

Kennebunk, April 23.

FRESHET.—On Monday last it commenced raining and continued at intervals until Tuesday, when the rain descended in torrents until about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, at which time it subsided. When the unusual quantity of rain that had fallen, had swollen the Rivers and small streams, that most of them had overflowed their banks. The waters of the Mousam and Kennebunk Rivers were higher than they had been before for many years.—On the Mousam River we understand that part of Mitchell's dam (so called) with the bulk head were swept away, the water making a complete breach through the mill. At the lower mills, in Kennebunk village, great exertions were found necessary (and were promptly and successfully afforded by the inhabitants) to preserve the dam, bridge and mills there situated. Several bridges however, on the river, were injured, some seriously and others but slightly, but none as we have yet learned have been entirely destroyed.

On Kennebunk River the Clothing Mill of Mr. Moses Nasou, in which was a Carding Machine, was entirely swept away, and a Grist Mill near by, in which was also another Carding Machine, was much injured and was momentarily expected to share the fate of the Clothing Mill, till the violence of the freshet subsided, the water having made a complete breach round the Dam and Mill. Mr. Nasou's loss we understand is computed at about one thousand dollars.

At the Landing, on the same river, much lumber was swept away, and many piles of boards, containing from ten to thirty-five thousand, were taken from the wharves and floated down the stream until arrested by getting ropes round them and dragging them by the aid of oxen into mowing fields or on the flats.

We understand that in Kennebunkport, the Dam, connected with the Tannery of D. W. Lord & Co. near Goff's Mill (so called) was destroyed, and the old Grist Mill swept away—the old Grist Mill swept away—we have not learned the amount of damage done to the establishment.

On Cape Neddock River, about five miles above the harbor of that name, at the outlet of Chase's Pond (so called) the Clothing Mills erected by Mr. Cottrell Chase, were swept away, carrying before them four bridges which crossed the river at different places, and every other thing in their course, with the exception of Norton's Grist Mill, situated near the mouth of the river, which was strongly protected against the flood by a stone bulkhead.

A larger freshet has not been known for several years. Part of the dam at Philpot's Mill, in this town, is washed away, and a considerable quantity of logs, boards, &c. "have gone down stream," which has occasioned a loss, it is said, of several hundred dollars.

Limerick Star,

Portsmouth, April 23.

The rise of water at Dover, N. H. has occasioned the loss or injury of much lumber, as well as some small buildings belonging to the factories, and out houses near the landing.

In Eliot, a mill dam has been swept away, and several of the bridges on the road from Kittery to South Berwick destroyed, and the earth and stones of which they were composed washed a considerable distance.

Schr. Phalon, Dunlevie, of Saco, from New York, has been totally lost, on the L. of Shoals. The passengers, officers and seamen were saved, with great difficulty, and after severe suffering. Among the passengers were the captain's wife and her sister, and two men. Fears are entertained for the Schr. Osippee, Emmons, of Saco, also from N. York, which was in co. a few hours before the Phalon was wrecked.

Loss of sch. HORATIO.—The sch. Horatio, Doughty, from Philadelphia for Port-au-Prince, was wrecked at sea March 5, lat 33, lon 72, 30. The following account of this disaster, (says the N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser,) is copied from a New Orleans paper of March 31, received by the Splendid.

LEMUEL DOUGHTY.

Lombard, of Hallowell, from Baltimore for New Orleans, and by his kind, humane and gentlemanly treatment, I recovered. For 70 hours I had neither to eat nor drink.

INTERESTING ARRIVAL.—Three men, Gregory, Nichols, and another whose name we have not learned, former residents of this city, arrived in town last week, after a fifteen years' captivity among the Indians. Early in the late war, William Gregory, then at the age of only eleven years, enlisted in the U. S. service, under Capt. Watson of this city; and the others entering the army about the same time, they were all ordered to the western or Canada lines together. They had not remained long on that station before they were compelled to engage in several skirmishes with the Indians, in one of which, these three, with sixty-one others were captured. After changing masters several times, they at last found themselves in the power of the tribe called Flat Heads, by whom they were taken to the Rocky mountains, and taught the red man's art of hunting and fishing.

During the long, lingering years of their servitude, Gregory with the other two made four several attempts to escape, but were as many times re-taken; and as a punishment for their bold endeavor, they were subjected to the most cruel and excruciating tortures which the unfeeling mind could devise or say.

Barbary execute. At one time they were made fast to a tree or post and their scalps taken off; after which, the little remaining flesh on the top of their heads was violently removed, and the bleeding scalps replaced, and permitted to remain and adhere. The flesh thus cut from their heads was roasted and forced down their throats to sustain exhausted nature.

At another time a piece was dissected from the fleshy part of the thigh, which was also cooked and given them to eat. No resistance in this case would avail, and they submitted without opposition to the cruelties of their barbarous oppressors. Gregory however became so exasperated with pain, that in a state of wildness approaching insanity, he arose upon his tormentors and actually succeeded in bringing several of them to the ground. Upon this some of the Indians in their language exclaimed, "he is a good soldier;" but for his reward, his right arm which done the deed, was stript, and on the inside a gash cut from the wrist to the shoulder, into which was introduced a hot walnut rod, and the flesh again closed. As if this was not sufficient entirely to disable this member, they immediately shot several bullets through his arm in different places, and then left him to groan and sigh that his hours of existence might be few and his lingering torments soon overpowered the pulsations of life.

At another time their tongues were cut out; Gregory's about one third, and the others entirely to the roots. Consequently Gregory is the only one who can utter a word, and he indistinctly, and from him the principal information is derived. They finally succeeded in effecting their escape by the assistance of a squaw who in kindness accompanied them through the forest, a distance of forty five miles, and placed them on a track by which they succeeded in reaching the white settlements. At the time they made the last attempt to free themselves, they were 800 miles from any white habitation. Many more of their sufferings and hardships could be told; but what we have already related is sufficient to shock the feelings of humanity and to excite the warmest sympathy for these miserable fellow beings; who, at this day, so long after the execution of the heartless deeds, bear about them but the too visible proofs of the truth of their story. Nichols and the third we understand left wives and families in this city, and Gregory a mother, who had long since numbered them with the dead.—A. Traveller.

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COLONIAL TRADE.

The following paragraph is from an Argua paper of the 26th February:—

"It gives us considerable pleasure to be able to lay before the public the following letter to a gentleman in Barbados:—

Samuel Poor, Town Clerk.
John Farrington, Theodorus Winthrop Newton, Selectmen
Orators of the Poor.
Ezekiel Merrill, Jr. Treasurer
Ebenezer Webster, Constable
Rev. Thomas T. Stone, S.
Calib F. Poor, Superintend
tee.

GENTLEMEN: In pursu
ation of the Committee of S
appointed by the inhabitants
in relation to our late distin
guished fellow-citizen, Thos.
Newton, have now the honor of trad
for the sale and exclusive use
Mrs. Randolph, the sum of two
hundred and seventy-one do
four cents, being the balance
Treasure of that Committee.

Permit me, gentlemen, to
congratulations upon the pro
admitted by the Legislature
line, for the benefit of Mr. Je
When it is considered wh
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May we not indulge the ho
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I am, gentlemen, with ev
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my servant,
Treasurer of

MONTECILLO,
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THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, MAY 9, 1827.

THE LATE FRESHET.—We hear from various parts of the State, this side of the Kennebec, of the damage done by the late storm to roads, bridges, mills, &c. At Brunswick the damage was not so great as at first anticipated, the logs having mostly stopped in the Bay, and are worth nearly as much below as above the falls.—A respected Correspondent writes us from Bridgeman's Mills (Minot) that the Bridge over the stream at that place was carried away, together with a factory, in which was made wooden ware. There was also considerable damage done to the dams, flumes, &c. The house belonging to Captain Joshua Parsons was near being swept away by the water. Also another bridge near Mr. Gideon Pearce's. The bridges on the Little Androscoggin River were either carried away or very much damaged.

The body of Mr. William Norton, who was drowned as noticed in our last paper, was found on Thursday morning last, nearly covered up in earth, about thirty rods below the place where he fell into the stream.

A young Greek female of about twelve years of age has arrived at Boston, she was a native of Scio, and was taken prisoner by the Turks, of whom she was ransomed by a gentleman of Boston, her father and mother were murdered by the Turks and she and her two sisters made prisoners; her sisters have also been redeemed.

A PUZZLE.—Some time since a question was stated in some of the papers, requiring the amount of 500 cents multiplied by 500 cents, it was thought by most people who noticed it that nothing was more simple and easy, but after fearing upon it, there was a great diversity of opinion, as will appear from the following remarks of Mr. Noah the Editor of the N. Y. Enquirer:—

We have received notes and letters enough to fill a mail bag on the subject of multiplying 500 cents by 500 cents, and most of these letters contain sarcasm and sneers against the opinion given by Charles King on the subject. The fact is, Charles is perfectly right, and as it is very seldom he is right we give him "his due." Cents cannot be multiplied by cents. You might as well multiply 5 coats by 5 pairs of breeches, or \$18,000 by 2 gold snuff boxes.

Green Peas were plenty in Washington City on the 25th April.

Communication.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON, Sir, I have been in the habit of lending Books, many of which have never been returned; if you will insert the following in your paper, as a hint to Book Borrowers, you will oblige a friend and subscriber. STAPLIEU.

You remember, my friend, I freely complied With a favor you asked, and fully relied On a favor from you, (which tho' promised I find)

At it has not been granted is out of your mind.)

To return in due time, (what I wanted to see) The Book, which long since you have borrowed of me;

Another I now, with reluctance implore, Is only to ask, that you borrow no more.

List of Town Officers for Andover for 1827.

Samuel Poor, Town Clerk.

John Farrington, Theodore Brickett, and Winthrop Newton, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor.

Ezekiel Merrill, Jr. Treasurer.

Eben' Webster, Constable and Collector.

Rev. Thomas T. Stone, Samuel Poor, and Caleb F. Poor, Superintending School Committee.

THE JEFFERSON FUND.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1827.

To Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Alexander Garrett, and Nicholas P. Trist, Esquires, Trustees under the Will of THOMAS JEFFERSON:

GENTLEMEN: In pursuance of a Resolution of the Committee of Superintendence, appointed by the inhabitants of Philadelphia, in relation to our late distinguished and venerated fellow-citizen, THOMAS JEFFERSON, I have now the honor of transmitting to you, for the sole and exclusive use of his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, the sum of two thousand five hundred and seventy-one dollars and sixty-four cents, being the balance in my hands as Treasurer of that Committee.

Permit me, gentlemen, to offer you my congratulations upon the proceedings recently adopted by the Legislature of South Carolina, for the benefit of Mr. Jefferson's family.

When it is considered what extraordinary and successful exertions were made by that illustrious individual for the establishment of our National Independence upon principles calculated not only to promote our own happiness, but to elicit the admiration and applause of the whole civilized world, ought we to be indifferent to the condition of his family, or to the last solemn and affecting appeal, made by our departed friend and benefactor to his beloved country?

May we not indulge the hope that the other States of our Confederacy will imitate the glorious example of South Carolina; and that, in addition to the signal testimony afforded in the case of LAFAYETTE, another will be superadded; manifesting to the world that the stigma of ingratitude, attempted to be cast upon Republics by their enemies, is false and chimerical.

I am, gentlemen, with every sentiment of respect and consideration, your very obedient servant,

E. S. BURD,

Treasurer of the Committee.

MONTICELLO, Jan. 20, 1827.

Sir: We have to acknowledge the receipt

of yours of the 8th of January, as Treasurer

of the Committee of Superintendence, appointed by the citizens of Philadelphia, covering twenty-five hundred and seventy-one dollars and sixty-four cents, "for the sole use of Mrs. Randolph," daughter of the late Thomas Jefferson.

We avail ourselves of the occasion, to express for her, to your fellow-citizens, the deep feelings of gratitude, for this evidence of their generosity; and their kind recollection of a parent, the memory of whom domestic virtues must ever form the brightest spot in the vicissitudes of a changeful life; and if aught could sooth the sad feelings of regret for his loss, it would be the sympathizing condolence of her fellow-citizens.

Accept for yourself our grateful acknowledgment for the partial and flattering terms of your letter, and the warm anticipations, in which you have been pleased to indulge. Very respectfully, your humble servants,

THOMAS J. RANDOLPH,
NICHOLAS P. TRIST,
ALEXANDER GARRETT.

Trustees appointed by the will of Thomas Jefferson, deceased.

To E. S. Burd, Esquire, Treasurer of the Jefferson Fund, Philadelphia.

The above reply, although written immediately after the receipt of Mr. Burd's letter, has not, owing to some accidental circumstance, been received until lately.

[From the American (Hallowell) Advocate.]

GENERAL JACKSON.

Of the several candidates proposed and supported for the presidency during the last election, no one was more exceptionable in our opinion than General Jackson. But he received a plurality of the electoral votes, and is now the prominent candidate of the opposition to the Administration, and it has been proclaimed that "opposition to Jackson is support to Adams." Whether this be so or not, we entertain no doubt that great efforts will be made to elect Gen. Jackson to the presidential chair at the next election. In his leading principles, as expressed on several occasions, he appears not to differ materially from Mr. Adams; but in temper, habits and education they are as different as it is possible for men to be. If persons do not agree with the principles advanced and acted upon by the present administration, we respect their motives when they avow their opposition to them; but when the opposition arises from a desire to place another man in power, who would support similar principles, and who from education and temper may well be considered as inferior in qualifications for a chief magistrate, we cannot but consider such a course resulting from a different feeling than that of patriotism. It is called *praise* to say that Gen. Jackson is a brave soldier and a successful commander, but we believe his genius is altogether military, and that he is poorly qualified to fill high and responsible civil offices. When a Judge he was not distinguished, and as a Senator he did nothing above ordinary legislation. Notwithstanding our opposition to Gen. Jackson, we hesitated long before we could come to the conclusion to publish the following abstract of a judicial record. But if it be true, and it presents itself in a shape that admits little doubt of its correctness, it is a portion of the history of the man, which ought to be known. Though the transaction took place a long time ago, it shows his temper, as it had been displayed in several subsequent instances. It may be considered as *traveling out of the record* to say that the person alluded to was Gen. Jackson, but it is admitted that his conduct was wrong, and his supporters have only attempted to palliate what they find in vain to deny. Violence of temper and a disregard to the laws of the country and the usages of society have too often marked his course. It is possible he may be more temperate and less ungovernable than heretofore; but if his disposition has not been mistaken, he is not formed of such corrifiable materials that should lead us to expect any change even from age. The empire of passion has not ceased in him and though not so objectionable in a military commander, would be extremely troublesome in one at the head of a government like ours, where difficulties are to be encountered in every shape.

GENERAL JACKSON.

Being fully satisfied that the subjoined statement is strictly true, we do not hesitate to give it currency. We have seen an attested copy of the records of the Courts, and we have read the law upon which they are based. There are other facts, connected with the case, which will probably come to light.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANTIA'S Ode to Spring will appear in our next.

WE ARE REQUESTED TO STATE THAT REV. DAVID KILBOURNE WILL PREACH AT THE UNIVERSALIST MEETING-HOUSE, IN THIS VILLAGE, THIS AFTERNOON AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

PROVIDENCE, April 27.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Our correspondent at Bristol has furnished us with the following melancholy account:—

"This day, (Thursday,) at 10 o'clock, a sloop was discovered from Papasquash in distress. The revenue boat and officers immediately proceeded to the vessel, and found her to be the sloop William, of East Greenwich, which sailed from Providence this morning. Of Kinnicut Point, the Captain, Miller, was knocked overboard by the jib sheet blocks in a squall, and drowned. His little son, a lad of eleven years of age, who was the only person on board, endeavored to bring the sloop to, without effect, and she drifted on this shore, where she now lies. The lad is in safety, and the vessel not damaged."

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PROVIDENCE, April 27.

MARRIED,

In this town, by Rev. Mr. Haynes, Mr. Nathan Millett to Miss Mercy Sampson.—Job Eastman, Esq. Mr. William Beal, Jr. to Miss Susan Millett.

In Hebron, Mr. Jacob Brown to Miss Sally Gardner.—Mr. Charles Chipman to Miss Lucy Pumpilla.—Mr. Alvin Turner, Jr. to Miss Hipsburgh Wood.

In Jay, by Thomas Winslow, Esq. Mr. Daniel Paine to Miss Harriet Pike.

DECEASED,

In Portland, Jason H. Shaw, aged 17, son of Aphrae Shaw, Esq.

In Milton, (Mass.) Mr. Amos Foster, formerly of this town aged about 30.

In Hartford, of the Typhus Fever, Mrs. Philena, wife of Capt. William Hayford.—Mr. Sampson Reed.

In New Orleans, Capt. Samuel Davis formerly of this town.

In Hallowell, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Elias Bond, aged 45.

In Marlborough, (Mass.) Mr. Robert Worcester, aged 74—he was a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the men who went through the woods to Canada with Gen. Arnold.

In Reading, (Mass.) Major Joseph Barton, aged 80, an officer of the Revolution.

In Rhinebeck, N. Y. Robert James Livingston, he was an officer in the Revolutionary army, which he entered in early life, as volunteer, and served with great reputation;

In Tiverton, R. I., he was captured at the capture of the Hessians at Trenton; was in both actions, and twice severely wounded and taken prisoner. Capt. Livingston was very ardent and chivalrous in the cause of his country, as the following anecdote will prove: Hearing that a party of Refugees had assembled at a public House, in N. Jersey, he in haste repaired to the spot, with a single private, and dispersed them, though armed, making 14 of the number prisoners, whom he marched to head-quarters and has left, as a trophy, to his namesake in the family, (as we are informed,) a celebrated rifle, which he took on that occasion.

into the truth of the allegations contained in the declaration, shall find that the defendant hath deserted the plaintiff, and that she hath lived in adultery with another man since such desertion, the said verdict shall be recorded, and thereupon the marriage between the said Lewis Roberts and Rachael shall be dissolved.

Legal proceedings were instituted under this law. A declaration was filed, charging that "the said Rachael, in violation of her most solemn promise, did, on the 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety,elope from her said husband, Lewis, and live in adultery with another man, and still continues with her adulterer."

The attorney who filed and subscribed this declaration, was James Brown, our present minister to France.

At the September term of the Court of Common Pleas, Mercer County, Kentucky, a jury composed of James Bradberry, Thomas Smith, Gabriel Slaughter, John Lightfoot, Samuel Work, Harrison Davis, John Ray, Obadiah Wright, John Wiles, John Meaux, Joseph Thomas, and Benjamin Lewis, were empannelled and sworn "well and truly to inquire into the allegations in the plaintiff's declaration specified." Hugh McGary was sworn and examined as a witness, and the jury returned a verdict in these words:—"We, the jury, do find that the defendant, Rachael Roberts, hath deserted the plaintiff, Lewis Roberts, and hath, and doth still, live in adultery with another man—John Lightfoot, forsooth." This verdict was recorded and the marriage dissolved.

The record of this inquiry, verdict and judgment, may be found in the records of Q. S. Court for Mercer county, Kentucky, No. 1, from September, 1792, to September, 1796.—The Rachael Roberts, who was the defendant, is Mrs. Gen. Jackson.

I should not have detailed these facts, at this time, but for the call from the Advertiser. And it must be remembered that the subject, so far as I am concerned, was first introduced into newspapers by certain Jackson editors of this city during last autumn,—and for the purpose of defaming my character. It would seem that my forbearance then to publish what is now published, has been misunderstood;—and an inference drawn that the facts did not exist, or that I was afraid to publish them. Their tendency to affect the "fair fame" of "one of the purest characters of which the United States can boast," is, for the present, left without comment or remark.

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THE BOWER.

[From the 2d No. of the Boston Lyceum.]

TO LAURA W., TWO YEARS OF AGE.

Bright be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny braw—
Bright as the dream flung over thee,
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's—
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out:
As gladly as thy tuy shout.
I would that thou mightest ever be
As beautiful as now—
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow;
I would life were "all poetry"
To gentle measure set,
That caught but chaste'n'd melody,
Might stain thy eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.
I would—but deeper things than those
With woman's lot are wove;
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purest love—
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to Heaven.
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled!
I fear thy gentle loneliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eyes' beseeching earnestness,
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breath on as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gifts again,
But the crush'd flower will leave a stain.
What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now!
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to how?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim—
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him?
He who himself was "undefiled?"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child!

ROY.

[From Mrs. Colvin's Weekly Messenger.]

SPRING.

Stern winter's storms have now gone by,
And blooming spring returns;
And with her hues of richest dye
Peeps through ten thousand forms!

The farmer now his field surveys—
Throws up the fallow ground—
The lambskin sport, the zephyr plays,
Diffusing joy around!

The hills are now with verdure crown'd,
The valleys smile again;
The groves with music now resound,
The violet decks the plain.

The little bird now tunes his throat,
And gayly warbles on,
Proclaiming round, with mellow note,
"Rude winter's storms are gone."

The flowing streams, from fettlers freed,
Join in the gen'ral song—
Roll back their gladsome waves with speed,
Then gently pass along.

Nature a pleasing aspect wears,
And seems with joy to say,
"Winter is gone, and spring appears—
I too will join the lay."

And shall not man his voice employ,
To swell the grateful song?
Shall he not raise a note of joy
Among the tuneful throng?

Yes, let him sound the highest note
Of gratitude sublime!
And to his God his powers devote,
While lasts his youthful prime.

LORENZO.

THE REFLECTOR.

THE HOLY WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Numerous are the passages in the gospel history, where honourable mention is made of the female sex. From the angel's salutation of the virgin mother of our Lord, to the letter of John the beloved apostle, to the elect lady and her children, the New Testament is full of their exertions, their affection, fidelity, and influence. In the course of our Saviour's ministry, sublime and solemn as was his supernatural character, we find frequent examples of his attention to them, and of their attachment to him. To the woman of Samaria he made the first declaration of his Messiahship, and imparted the first principles of his new and spiritual doctrine; and this, too, with a condescension which surprised his disciples, who wondered that he talked with the woman. We find him also a frequent guest in the family of Martha and Mary; for Jesus, we are told, loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. One of these affectionate sisters, to testify her respect to his person, just before his sufferings, came with a box of costly perfume, and poured it over his head as he sat at meat; and with so much pleasure did he receive this offering of female affection, that even the disciples murmured, while he declared, that wherever his gospel was preached, it should be told for a memorial of her.

Mary Magdalene, too, a Jewish lady of some wealth and consideration, makes a distinguished figure among the friends of Jesus. She has been most strangely and mystically confounded with that penitent female who had been a sinner, and was bathed in her Lord's feet with tears of contrition. But Mary Magdalene had been cured by our Saviour of one of the most terrible maladies, which can visit our suffering nature; and the fond employment of her recovered person seems to have been, to listen to her deliverer, and to minister to him of her substance. With many of the

women she followed him from Galilee through that scene of suffering, when all the disciples of our sex forsook him and fled. The women never lost sight of him, till he was raised upon the cross; then they stood by and witnessed his expiring moments.—They left not the body, till it was deposited in the tomb; then they saw where it was laid, and prepared their spices to embalm it. On the sabbath they were obliged to leave it, and rest, "according to the commandment," but their wakeful eyes caught the first streaks of eastern light on the morning of the resurrection; and to the women, watching and weeping at the sepulchre, appeared the first delightful vision of the Lord of glory risen in all the freshness of his new and immortal life.

Some of the earliest and most faithful converts of the apostles, were also from this sex. To the assembled saints and widows, Peter presented Dorcas alive, who had been full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did. The tender heart of Lydia was melted at the preaching of Paul; and, in his epistles, he seldom fails to send salutations to some of those excellent females, who by their works of charity, and labors of love, cherished the feeble community of persecuted Christians, and illustrated the amiable spirit and benignant influence of the religion they professed.

Perhaps it is not difficult to account for these frequent examples of female Christianity, so interesting, and yet so honorable to the gospel. The men in Judea were looking for a prince as their Messiah, who should answer their ambitious hopes not only by the restoration of the kingdom to Israel, but also by dispensing individual honours and personal distinctions in his approaching dominion. Every Jew, therefore, as he expected a share of this splendid power, felt a portion of that vanity, which belonged to the expected master of the world. Hence, they at first approached our Lord with impatience and high-raised hopes; but finding him, contrary to their previous fancy, so poor, meek, unpretending, spiritual and unambitious, they often retired in disgust, which, in the great men of the nation, his rebukes often inflamed to rage.

Meanwhile the Jewish women, in their retired and subordinate station, had little share in these ambitious expectations. The mother of Zebedee's children, when she came to ask favor of Christ, solicited nothing for herself, but only for her sons, that they might have offices in his kingdom. To the happiness of the Jewish women it was of little consequence, whether the standard of the expected universal empire waved on the temple at Jerusalem, or the capitol at Rome. No wonder, then, they were delighted, when they saw the Christ, the prince, the idol of the Jewish expectation, treating their sex with distinguished kindness. They were more at leisure to feel and contemplate the moral greatness of Jesus, the sufferer; while the other sex were eager to see the sign from heaven, which should mark out Jesus, the triumphant.

The women were won by the tears, which they saw him shed at the grave of Lazarus, in sympathy with the afflicted sister; but the men, who were standing by, were dissatisfied, for, said they, could he not have caused that Lazarus should not have died? And when Jesus, the wonder and glory of Judea, the suffering prince, cast his last look from his cross down on the fainting Mary, and says to John, with his last breath, "Behold thy mother!" it is to be wondered at, that the women who stood by and heard it, should have begged this body, and embalmed this corpse, from which a spirit so affectionately had just taken its flight?

This regard for the Founder of our faith, they seem to have continued to the apostles; for the Christian communities, in the first ages, were distinguished by an order of women, who ministered to the necessities of the saints, who brought up children, who lodged strangers, who washed the saint's feet, who relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work, thus embalming anew the remains of their Lord, in the fragrance of their charities toward the church, which is his body.

THE OLI.

[From the NEW-YORK OBSERVER.]

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

In speaking, on a former occasion, of the remedy for intemperance, proposed by Dr. Chambers of this city, we expressed ourselves with a considerable degree of caution.

As it is a subject of great importance to the community, and one on which they ought to be explicitly and accurately informed, we have written in the past week, more than one whole day in making a personal investigation into cases where the remedy has been applied, and into the nature of the medicine, in the hope of coming to a full and satisfactory conclusion. The result of our inquiries will be seen in the sequel.

The remedy is not the same as that proposed by Dr. Liseau of New Orleans, or if it is, the coincidence is unknown to Dr. Chambers. They have had no manner of intercourse on the subject, and are entire strangers to each

other. Dr. C. has been in possession of the secret, in its essential principles for a number of years.

The medicine is taken in liquor:—that of which the patient is most fond, is usually preferred. It is not unpleasant to the taste; as we have ascertained from those who have taken it, and still more accurately from having tasted it ourselves.

In almost every instance, more than one dose is necessary. The greatest number of doses which have been taken in any case which we have examined, is seven or eight. The cure is generally complete in the course of a single week.

Before being mingled with the liquor in which it is to be taken, the medicine subsists in two forms—as a liquid, and as a powder. The former is of a red color, the latter of a light brown. In this form it can be forwarded through the Post Office, in letters, containing the proper directions.

It has already been applied in a large number of cases; in only two of which so far as is known to Dr. C. has it failed of effecting a cure, unless prematurely relinquished.

Several persons of good standing in society, and who had been supposed to be perfectly temperate, have availed themselves of the medicine. Some of them are known to be cured, and others have never reported their cases to Dr. C. In general he is ignorant of their names, and, as is proper, observes entire secrecy where it is otherwise. We however learned from another person, that one of the number was a venerable member of the Society of Friends: he stated that his principles enjoined the strictest temperance, but that he had unfortunately contracted a fondness for ardent spirits, of which, if it was possible, he wished to be cured. He is now as temperate as his principles require, and that, not by constraint, but of choice.

We called last week, upon a man about 40 years of age employed in a distillery, who had taken the medicine six or seven weeks previous. A short time before applying to Dr. C. he had been dismissed from his employment for intemperance.—Being asked whether he had "drank any thing" since he took the medicine, he answered "No." He

was asked whether he abstained on the principle of self denial, or because he had lost his appetite for ardent spirits; he replied, that he had no desire for such liquors. He was asked if his appetite for food had increased: he said it had always been good. He was asked if he believed himself finally cured: he said he had no doubt of it.

A barber, about 30 years old, had been in habits of intemperance for three or four years. The last thing at night, and first in the morning was rum. When he found he had become a drunkard, he was often tempted, he said, "to go and drown himself in the Hudson, but he was prevented by an unseen hand." He at length heard of Dr. C.'s remedy, and immediately made use of it. This was at least ten weeks ago. He has drank but one glass since, and that as a medicine, in a severe attack by an acute disease.

A young man, about 19 years of age, had been addicted to intemperance from childhood. To use the language of a brother-in-law, he was "clear gone." He had become "a burden to himself, to his friends, and to society." When other means failed, he would sell his clothes for liquor. To the remarks, that with such habits he could have lived but a few years, it was replied by a near relative, "he would not have lived a fortnight." It is now two months since he took the medicine; and then only four times. He has not tasted of ardent spirits since. His appetite for food has returned; his constitution is renovated; and he fulfills the duties of his calling as regularly, as faithfully, and with as much correctness, as any other man. The evening before we called, one of his old friends persuaded him into a dram shop, and tried every means to induce him to drink but without success.

A man who had been intemperate from the age of 23 to 50, at an expense of \$50 a year for liquor, took the medicine about four weeks since, and is now completely temperate. He says he has no desire for ardent spirits. He is young and vigorous as in his youth. His nerves, which before could only be quieted by two or three glasses, are now tranquil without any stimulant. To a question on this point, he replied, stretching out his hand and arm with perfect steadiness, "See that!"

But the most extraordinary case which we met with, was that of a journeyman printer. He had been educated a drunkard. In his boyhood, his father, now in the grave by intemperance, used to lead him about to taverns and porter houses, and after drinking himself, to give of the same poison to his little son. Under these circumstances it is not strange if at the age of 17 he was a confirmed drunkard. He is now 30. In the course of the thirteen years of debauchery, he has been twice a lunatic—he has been once carried to the hospital—he has had two fits, and one convolution—has been found dead drunk in the streets, and carried home or to the watch house—has frequently lost his hat and shoes—has abused his mother—in short, has been a drunkard of the very worst character. A quart of spirits a day was for him but a moderate portion. He would often get up nights to slake his insatiable appetite for rum. This man resorted to Dr. Chambers about eight weeks ago—took his medicine seven times—and has drunk no ardent spirits since, nor had any desire for it. Peace is now restored in that before disorganized family; and his widowed mother is rejoicing and blessing God for this unexpected deliverance. We ought however, to add, that having taken the medicine in spirits, he is still fond of strong beer; but is fully satisfied that by treating this appetite in the same manner as the other, the result will be the same. He is determined to try the experiment.

In making most of these inquiries, we were accompanied by the Rev. Louis Dwight, of Boston, and are authorized to say that he concurs in the above statement. As to the efficacy of the remedy for a time, there can be, among those who have examined the subject, but one opinion.—Whether the disrelish for ardent spirits will be permanent can be better determined a year or two hence. But even if it should continue only two months, (and several of the above cases are of so long a standing;) would it not be well worth while for a drunkard, the disgrace and ruin of his family and the destroyer of his own soul, to take this medicine thus often, for the sake of being healthy, vigorous, rational and temperate? Is it not as wise to spend \$20 a year and be a man as \$50 and be a beast?

ANECDOTE. On the top of a hill, near Haddam Castle, stands a square tower, over the door of which are carved figures of a dove and serpent and between them, the word *Repentance*; whence the building is called, *The Tower of Repentance*. It is said, that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it: The way to Heaven, answered the boy. And can you show it to me, said Sir Richard, in bunter. You must go by that tower, said the lad, pointing to the tower of *Repentance*.

OF CATCHING YANKEES!—There is an old black woman at the Hayanna, known to almost every one who frequents that port, as a washer of clothes, in which business she employs several slaves, having acquired a handsome property by it. She is partial to the Americans, having made the greater part of her money through them. When some of the British ships stopped there on their way for the coast of Louisiana, she, as usual, boarded the ships in search of business—and having dispatched that, she asked the captain of one of the 74's, Where are you going massa? who replied, "We are going to catch some d—d Yankees at New-Oleans. We shall stop here as we come back and I'll sell you a dozen or two very cheap, for washer-women."—Ah, ha! massa! you better let 'e d—d Yankee lone," said she—"I tell ye, you better let him lone!" When the same ship returned to Havanna, after the dreadful defeat on the 8th of January, the old woman again boarded and observing the captain, said, "Well, massa, I come to buy some Yankee!"—But the joke was stale, and the officer refused a reply—on which she added, archly, "Did I tell ye, you massa, you better let 'e Yankee lone?"

CONSCIENCE.—A certain Jesuit preacher in Arezzo against the unchaste women, "One amongst you, especially," said he to his female auditory, "distinguishes herself by her dissolute course of life, the consciousness of shame ten amends sinners, and therefore I will here name this woman publicly. But no! Christian charity forbids, she might through this become too much scandalized. I will, however, do something to point her out; so that through shame, she may arrive at conversion. I will throw my cap at her. She whom I hit is the sinner!" The preacher no sooner took his cap in his hand, but all the ladies stooped as low as possible. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the priest, "have then all these women a bad conscience?"

AN EXCUSE.—A certain preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by his friends for having deserted them. To excuse himself he said "he had seven reasons," and being asked what they were, replied "a wife and six children."

All men would be happy: but they vainly expect that riches, pleasures, and worldly honors can confer satisfaction: and when disappointed they change one vanity for another: so that he, and he alone, who attends to God's word, seeks felicity successfully.

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April 25.

VOL. III.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRIDAL ROSE.

"Pretty going on indeed," said Bruegmann, addressing her. "I'll warrant me old flans [flans] will soon be emptied by that prodigal son of his! he a grand feast of the tipps, forsooth, and the serving maidens all got new liveries, leading from the Androscoggin river, through the towns of Woodstock, Greenwood and Paris, to the new County road at the foot of the Hill near Capt. Jairus Shaw's in said Paris, passes over many long and steep hills. And we would respectfully represent that an alteration may be made so as to avoid all the said hills through the said towns, and we would respectfully ask your Honors, to appoint a Committee to lay out and alter said road, beginning within about twenty or thirty rods of the Mills of Rives-Bibby, in said Woodstock, thence, in the best route to the long pond, so called, laying in said Woodstock to the line of Greenwood, thence, down the easterly side of the Little Androscoggin river, to the line of Paris, and thence to the bridge over the said river near the line of Greenwood on the County road aforesaid, thence, on said County road to the foot of Robinson's hill, so called, in said Paris, and thence, easterly of said Robinson's hill, the most convenient place for a road to the new County road at the foot of Willis' hill, so called, in Paris, aforesaid, as in duty bound will ever pray.

PETER C. VIRGIN, and others.

Copy : Attest, R. K. GOODENOUGH, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.

Court of Sessions, October Term, A. D. 1836.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioner give notice of the same, by serving on the Clerks of said towns of Woodstock, Greenwood and Paris, a copy of said Petition and of this Order of Court thereon, and by publishing in the *Oxford Observer*, a copy three weeks successively, the last publication in said newspaper, and the service as aforesaid on each of said Clerks, to be at least thirty days before the next Term of this Court which is to be held at Paris, is, and for said County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June next, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petitioners should not be granted.

Attest, R. K. GOODENOUGH, Clerk.

Copy : Attest, R. K. GOODENOUGH, Clerk.

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